Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears? Say not the Father hath not heard your

you shall have your desire sometime, some-Unanswered yet? tho' when you first pre-This one petition at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask-

ing,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Tho' years have passed since then, do not The Lord will answer you sometime, some-

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted, Perhaps your part is not vet wholly done. The work began when first your prayer was The work began when first your prayer was uttered. And God will failsh what he has begun. If you will keep the incense burning there, Hisglory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be un-Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunt-

Nor quails before the loudest thundershock,

she knows Omnipotence has heard her
prayer,

And cries, "It shall be done," sometime,
somewhere! — Browning.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VII. Nothing till that latest agony, What severs us from nature, shall unloos This fixed and sacred hold.

I never will forsake thee.

Johanna Baillie. Tones in her quivering voice awoke
As if a harp of battle spoke;
Light that seem'd born of an angel's nest
Flashed from her soft eyes unrepress'd,
And her form, like a spreading water-flower,
When its !rail eup swells with a sudden

shower. Seem'd all dilated with love and pride.

At about six o'clock that day, his majesty Lewis the well-beloved, the idol of his people, one of the most pleasing and attractive men of his time, was sitting in his private apartments at Versailles, conversing with the queen to whom he was still devotedly attached. The young dauphin and his little sisters were playing about the room. The gentleman in waiting brought a letter for the king, who read ing brought a letter for the king, who read it, and smiled.
"Our good friend the Comte de Saxe,"

"An! madame. Is there not some feminine curiosity lurking in your implied desire to receive the noble count?"

"I confess, sire, that a romance in real life is well fitted to excite the interest of one whose own destiny might be described

under that name. As she said this, Marie Leckzinskalooked

with tenderness towards the king, whom she passionately loved.

The young monarch, for although the

had at anytime much dignity of character: but in his youth there was something attractive in this royal bonhomie. The tractive in this royal bonhomie. The Comte de Saxe perfectly understood his

come ac saxe perfectly understood his royal master's disposition and tastes, and stood high in his good graces.

"Ah! M. de Saxe," the king exclaimed, as the count made his obeisance to him and to the queen, "welcome to Versailles. Would that you took us oftener by sur-It is one of the ennuis of our position to have no unexpected pleasures. Our life is so mapped out beforehand that I sometimes fancy to-morrow is yes-terday, I know so well all about it."

A shade of anxiety passed over the queen's face. The king's liability to ennui was her greatest trouble. She had none of the lively wit or piquancy of manner which aids a woman to retain he hold of the affection of a man of indolent temperament and idle habits.

"I hope," she said to the count, "that you are not about to harass our feelingtoo deeply by the history you are going

Ah! madame—the cause I have to "O come!" exclaimed the king, "this is

not fair, you spoke of a romantic story and now hint at a petition."
"I have indeed a petition to make, sire, and no trifling one either—no less a one than for the immediate release of two

prisoners. The king looked annoyed.

And it must be the act of your majesty; an order emanating from yourself

You should have spoken to M. de

Frejus."
"No, sire, to your majesties alone the story of a princould I communicate the story of a prin-cess of royal birth, whose unexampled destiny places her at your mercy." "A princess!" repeated the king, "of what nation?"

Saxe! What emperor do you mean? he said, "Of course, the princess must be the present emperor was married to the at once released. These documents, M. eldest daughter of the Duke of Bruns-de Saxe, leave no doubt on my mind that

wick, Wolfenbuttle, and her sister married the Czarowitch of Russia."
"Sire, the sister of the late Empress of Austria, the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, the widow of the Czarowitch, is at this moment in the prison of the Con-ciergerie, and it is on her behalf I have come to implore your m jesty?"
"My dear M. de Saxe, you are under a strange delusion, for I suppose you are

not joking!"
"Sire, I never was further from it in

my life.

my life."

"But the princess you speak of has been dead these fifteen years."

"Sire, she is not dead. How she happens to be alive I did not know till two months ago, when I met her in the Tuileries Gardens. The sound of her voice first arrested my attention; then I caught sight of her face, and though more than sixteen years had elapsed since I had seen her, I recognized at once the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick. Sire, I had been her playmate in childhood—later, she honoured me with her friendship. I loved her as those love who can never hope to be loved in return; with an in-tense, hopeless, reverent affection, she was a woman who, when once known, could never be forgotten."

"I have heard my beloved father speak

"I have heard my beloved lather speak of her," said the queen. "He used to say that her eyes had a melancholy beauty, a dreamy softness peculiarly their own, and that to look upon her and to love her was the same thing."

"Mademe, I verily believe that in body

and in mind so rare a creature has seldom graced a palace or a cottage. From the very moment I saw her I had not a doubt as to her identity. She turned away, she tried to put me off, to avoid answershe tred to put me off, to avoid answering my abrupt and eager questions; but her tears, her changing colour, her passionate emotion, betrayed her. She refused, however, to give me any clue as to the name she bore or the place of her residence. I wished to inform your ma-jesty at once of the existence of the princess, but she extorted from me a promise to delay this disclosure for three months. Wnen I lost sight of her that day doubts as to my own sanity occurred to me, for the death of the Czarowitch's consort was a well-known public event. Al! the Courts in Europe had gone into mourning for her; and the thought of the interview I had just had with the living-dead was a I had just had with the living-dead was a fact enough to drive reason from its throne. A sudden recollection flashed then on my brain. I remembered having then on my brain. I remembered having the normal summary disposal of the nearest and deal-state of a woman's heart. She ventured to say, "But if this princess is attached to her husband and her child, the state of the nearest and deal-state that we shall with difficulty credit, so like does it sound to a tale of fiction, but which he nevertheless declares to be perfectly true."

"Your majesty is always glad to see the Comte de Saxe, and will doubtless accede to his request, and direct that he be admitted."

"Ah! madame. Is there not some feminine curiosity lurking in your implied desire to receive the noble count."

myself acquainted with its contents."
"And did it relate to the princess?"
eagerly asked, in the same breath, the

king and the queen.
"It did, madame, and sire—if my mother erred, if she acted with recipitation, if she allowed her fears for the life of a beloved friend to get the better of her The young monarch, for although the father of four children, Lewis the XV. was scarcely three and twenty years old, commanded the Comte de Saxe to be introduced. Like most sovereigns, the king of France liked to be treated with the cautious familiarity which some persons know how to use without trespassing the limits of respect. Perhaps he liked the familiarity which some persons know how to use without trespassing the limits of respect. Perhaps he liked the familiarity which some persons know how to use without trespassing the limits of respect. Perhaps he liked the familiarity which some persons know how to use without trespassing the limits of respect. Perhaps he liked the familiarity which is maturer years, allowed Madwal, it was well known to the princess's pity for a woman. I know not how to the Princess Charlotte's reassumption of the rame and position. But she cannot, of course, remain in prison, or in a mean lodging. She had better be instantly redience, now that she is no more, your the Princess Charlotte's reassumption of her name and position. But she cannot, of course, remain in prison, or in a mean lodging. She had better be instantly redience, now that she is no more, your the Princess Charlotte's reassumption of her name and position. But she cannot, of course, remain in prison, or in a mean lodging. She had better be instantly redience, now that she is no more, your the princess Charlotte's reassumption of her name and position. But she cannot, of course, remain in prison, or in a mean lodging. She had better be instantly redience, now that she is no more, your the princess Charlotte's reassumption of her name and position. But she cannot, of course, remain in prison, or in a mean lodging. She had better be instantly redience, now that she is no more, your the princess Charlotte's reassumption of the Princess Charlotte's reassumption ame Dubarry to treat him as a laquais, dead. It was well known to the princess's and to call him La France, could not have friends that Alexis had resolved on her destruction, and that assassins were at hand to do his work in case she recovered. They placed a wooden figure in the cotlin ostensibly prepared for the princess, and tended her in a secluded chamber until she had strength enough to make her escape from Russia, and the doom which awaited the Czarowitch's wife. In a separate letter my mother lays her com a separate letter my mother lays her commands upon me not to divulge these facts unless a time should come when the princess might desire to establish her identity. I have brought these documents with me, sire, and I place in your hands the evidence of my mother's daring act, and of the existence of the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick."

"This is indeed a wonderful history, said the king as he began to peruse the

queen in the meantime asked, "And where did the princess fly when she left Russia?"

To the new France, madame, accompanied by one only servant and humble friend—the librarian of her father's court,

who had followed her to St. Petersburg."
"And how comes she here? and good heavens! did not you say she was in "Madame, she was arrested this morn-

"Madame, she was arrested this morning, at the instance of the Russian embassy. It seems that when she escaped from St. Petersburg, she curried away with her jewels which were her own private property, and sold a part of them on her arrival at New Orleans. These trinkets, of course, were missed, and orders given at the Russian embassies and consultate to institute in private in the state of t given at the Russian embassies and consu-lates to institute inquiries as to the per-sons who were supposed to have taken them. Suspicion rested principally on one individual, who had disappeared at the time of the princess's supposed death, the old German librarian who had accom-panied her in her flight. It does not seem however, that the inquiry was "A princess!" repeated the king, "of what nation ?"

"A German, sire."

"Ah! they are innumerable, your German princesses," Madame des Ursins said to the minister of a small Teutonic Prince, who had rejected the hand of a Spanish lady of high rank. "Monsieur, une grandesse d'Espagne vaut bien une petitesse d'Allemagne." Is your princess, M. de Saxe, une petitesse d'Allemagne?"

"So far from it, sire," rejoined the count, "that, had she been fifteen years younger, she might have aspired to your majesty's hand, for her sister was the wife of the Emperor of Austria, and the min her flight. It does not seem, however, that the inquiry was actively followed up in the colony; but a bracelet, which the princess sold since her arrival in Paris, has been recognized by a carrival in Paris, has been recognized by a serveuted the order for it. In conjunction with a German who had seen the royal exile in America, and was aware of the discovery he had made. Hence, the princess's arrest on a charge which places her amongst felons and thieves, unless his majesty interposes at once to rescue her from such a position."

The king looked up from the papers he

the lady you recognized in the Tuileries Gardens is the same person the Comtesse de Konigsmark speaks of, the widow of the late Czarowitch. But what sort of existence has she led during all these late years? Where did she live, and with

"Sire," said the count, in the tone of a man who makes a reluctant confession, "the romance would not be complete

"the romance would "without a love story."

"Ah," said the king laughing, "is it one that you can relate before the queen?"

"Sire," said the Comte de Saxe, with some emotion, "I know but little of the Princess Charlotte's history during those years of obscure seclusion. But I would be the heart heart. years of obscure seclusion. But I would willingly lay down my life that her heart is as pure and her life as unstained as that of her majesty herself," he added, bowing profoundly to Marie Leckztnska. Since the Czarowitch's decease, sire, his widow has married a French gentleman, and a brave man, who at the time of the Natches insurrection, by prodigies of valour saved her and many other French women from the horrors of a lingering death.

Without uttering an untruth, the count had managed to make it appear that the marriage had followed instead of preceded this heroic exploit. Gratitude, he thought, might be considered as a circonstance at-

"I do not see," said the king, "how that difficulty can be got over. Such a marriage can never be acknowledged by her relations. Are there children?"

"One girl, sire."
The king reflected a little, and then said, "I will write with my own hand a letter to the Queen of Hungary, and in-inform her of her aunt's existence, and of the proofs which establish If I judge by my own feelings will gladly offer to receive her at her own court, and to provide for her in her dominions a home suitable to her rank She must, of course, give up this second husband. I forget if you mentioned his name? "Colonel d'Auban, sire."

"This d'Auban she must, of course, se parate from; but as you say he is a brave officer, I will take care of his fortune and place him in a good position. The daughter can be educated at St. Cyr."

The queen looked anxiously first at M. de Saxe and then at the king. Her woman's heart evidently shrunk from this summary disposal of the nearest and dearwould it not be possible—"
"Possible, madame, for the Queen of Hungary to call M. d'Auban uncle, and his daughter cousin! Heaven forbid that any royal family should admit of such a

degradation—"
"No: what I meant was that perhaps

she would not give them up."
"Then, of course, her family could not acknowledge her." M. de Saxe was growing very impatient at this lengthened discussion and ventured

to say:
"Sire, every moment must appear an age to the princess, who has already been

many hours in prison."
"But what would be the best course to pursue?" answered the king. "This strange story must not be divulged until I receive the answer of the Queen of Hungary. It would not be just to her royal relatives to forestall their decision as to the Princess Charlotte's reassumption of

Will your majesty permit me to call Prince Kourakin, and to inform him that it is your royal pleasure that the pro "He will think it strange that I should

interfere.

"Not so strange, perhaps, as your majesty supposes. I am greatly mistaken if there is not one person at least at the embassy who suspects the truth."
"Ah! think you so, M. de Saxe? Then I commend to your prudence that part of the negotiation. I must see M. de Frejus, and give aclass under the property of the negotiation.

and give orders under our signet to re-move this royal lady to out palace at Fontainebleau. Madame d'Auban, is not Fontameticau. Madame d'Autoan, is not that the name she goes by? Well, M. de Saxe, it must be admitted that you have redeemed your pledge, and unfolded to us as romantic a tale as the pages of history or of fiction have ever recorded. will not detain you any longer M. le Comte. As Hermione says to Pyrrhus:— Tu comptes les instants que tu perds avec

moi ; œur impatient de revoir ta Troyenne ouffre qu'a regret qu'une autre t'enlreti-Tu lui parles du cœnr, tu la cherches des

how inimitably Mdlle. Gaultier re Ah! peats those lines. Bu the way, it is true that Hermione is about to retire from the stage and the world? M. de Frejus says she will be a Carmelite."

"And so will I, my papa king," said a little voice from behind the queen's fau-teuil. This was Madame Louise de France, then only two years old. years later she was kneeling at her father feet to obtain leave to live and die behind the grate of the monastery of St. Denis. The king took her on his knees, and

played with her whilst he went on talking to the Comte de Saxe.

"You must leave with me the Comtesse de Konigsmark's letters. I must forward a copy of her statement to the Queen of Hungary. Who knows, M. le Comte, if we hunt this week in the direction of Fontainebleau, and very probably shall," the king said, with a laugh "

we may not visit this fair spectre?" "I should also very much like to see her, if it would not attract too much notice," the queen said. "I used to hear so much in my childhood of the Princess Charlottte of Brunswick and her beautiful

Your majesty will graciously include in the order of release the princess's husband!" asked the Comte de Saxe, as he

was taking his leave.
"Yes, yes," the king gaily answered;
"but he is not to come to Fontainebleau, younger, she might have aspired to your majesty's hand, for her sister was the wife of the Emperor of Austria, and the House of Hapsburg deemed it no mesalliance."

"Who can you be speaking of, M. de "Yes, yes," the king gany answered; but he is not to come to Fontainebleau, or his daughter either. Princesses cannot marry commoners and enjoy at the same time the privileges of royalty."

"Yes, yes," the king gany answered; or his daughter either. Princesses cannot marry commoners and enjoy at the same time the privileges of royalty."

"And what happens if they like com-

moners better than privileges?" said Madame Victoire, the eldest of the Enfants de France.
"They re in disgrace," his majesty an-

swered, with a smile.
"Is M. de Saxe a commoner, and are

you, sire, a privilege ?"

The Queen ordered Madame Victoire to be silent, and said something tantamount be shent, and said sometiming tantamount to little pitchers having long ears. At last M. de Saxe was suffered to depart. He was not quite satisfied at the turn things had taken. From his brief interview with the Princess, and what he had seen of her daughter, he had a strong im-

That ties around her heart were spun Which could not, would not be undone. The king, though in the main good-natured and kind-hearted, did not like contradiction. Who does but those who through a long training, have overcome their distaste to it? The order for Mad-ame d'Auban's removal to Fontainebleau, pending the answer of her relatives, sounded somewhat like an honourable imprisonment. He dreaded the suffering prisonment. He dreaded the suffering she might undergo from the anomalies in her position, and the uncertainty of the future. Would she blame him for disclosing her story to the king? Not, he supposed, under the circumstances which had compelled him to do so; but women are not always reasonable. The count felt anxious and out of humour with the king, the princess, the world and himself. Men of prodigious strength and strong Men of prodigious strength and strong will, who can conquer almost every thing except themselves, get as irritated with complicated difficulties as women with an entangled skein of silk. They long to cut through the knot, but if they have not at hand either knife or scissors there remains nothing for it but to chafe at the obstacle. It was near twelve o'clock at night when the count arrived at the prison door, and with great trouble succeeded in rousing the porter and obtaining an entrance. Mentioning his own name, and

slipping a louis d'or into his hand, he asked for news of the prisoners who had arrived there that day. The sight of gold awakened the attention of the sleepy Cerberus, who produced a book of entries, which was kept in the entrance lodge.
"Yes," he said, turning over the leaves till he found the last page, and running his finger down it, "here are the names of

his finger down it, "here are the names of the people you are speaking of, M. de Saxe. Henri George d'Auban and Sophia Charlotte his wife. They were lodged in separate cells in the fifth ward of the third story."

"I must see them directly," said the count. "I have the king's order to that effect. Let the governor of the prison know that I am here."

"I am very sorry," said old Adam, tightly clutching the gold piece in his hand, "but your excellency cannot see them, for—"

"I will see them," cried the Count de Saxe.
"But it is impossible, for—"

"Nothing is impossible," said the count, stamping. "My soldiers are never allowed to use that word, neither shall you. Take your keys and show me the way to the governor or the prisoners'

rooms."

"But when I tell you, M. le Comte—"
"And I tell you, M. le Guichetior, that
I will take no denial."

Then cried the man. "you must

quarrel with the good God, and not with me; for he can work miracles and I can't." "Miracles! nonsense! Show me the "But I tell you, sir, they are gone

roared out the man, who had now slipt into his pocket the count's louis d'or.
"Gone! The devil they are! Where?" "I don't know."

"How came they to be released?" "The governor ordered them to be set at liberty about three hours ago, that's all I know. I never ask questions about those that come in or those that go out."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

It is easier for those who love God to stifle their irregular desires than for those who love the world to satisfy theirs .- St It is with youth as with plants; from

the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected infuture. - Demophilus. It is a great and a noble thing to excus the failings of a friend; to draw the veil before his defects, and to display his per-fections; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclain his virtues upon the house-

Life is short, and we have much to do, but prayer is mighty and love stronger than death, and so let us all set to work, with singing and with joy, angels and men, sinners and saints, for the interests, the dear interests, the sole interests of Jesus.

The influence of example has been ways most powerful and in the world's history has done more for the corruption of mankind than for its good. Lucifer began it and took millions of spirits with him to the bottomless pit .- Catholic Col-"When we know and love a man, and

are in habits of daily familiar intercourse with him, we know his faults almost in a week. But the revelation of his goodness is a very slow process. There are very few men whom we do not come by experience to respect, if only we continue to love them.—Faber.

We flourish for a while. Men take us by the hand and are anxious about the health of our bodies and laugh at our jokes, we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of it. The sun does not stop for our funeral, everything goes on as usual, we are not missed on the street, men laugh at the new jokes, and in three the great waves sweep over our path, and wash out the last vestige of earthly footprints. Such is life.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of france, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See other column.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

Written for the Record. My last letter closed with a brief description of our approach to Queenstown. Shortly after the little 'tender,' which shot out from the Queenstown harbor, left the side of our vessel, carrying with it the mail for America, we visited the engine room, where our intelligent conductor pointed out and explained to us the beauties and mysteries of the powerful machinery that was urging us so swiftly away from home. The chief engineer took us into the fire room. Oh! it was a terrible sight! It gave one an idea of hell. It was suffocating. The poor men were all black and greasy, and deluged with per-spiration. I said to the engineer that it was a sin to keep them in such a hot place all day, they looked so dreadfully pale. He showed me a ventilator which brought all day, they looked so dreadfully pate. He showed me a ventilator which brought the cool air down from above, under which they could stand when very hot. It seems that they are relieved every four hours, and rest eight. You would really feel sorry for them, they look so white and thin. I assure you I was glad to leave the horrid place and get up in the fresh air again. We all became very gay and happy after leaving Queenstown and enjoyed ourselves boisterously, but just before reaching Liverpool, our pleasure was dashed by a very sad occurrence. There was a very beautiful cirl on board from the West, who, for the benefit of her health, was travelling to the South of France in company with her mother and a gentleman to whom she was engaged. She had not enjoyed good health from the inception of the trip, yet was able to walk about the decks and enjoy the open air. But towards the end of the voyage she became suddenly worse, and was not able But towards the end of the voyage she became suddenly worse, and was not able to leave the captain's state-room, which was very kindly placed at her disposal. A hush fell upon all on board as the news A hush fell upon all on board as the news spread, and anxious inquiries after her condition became incessant. The doctor and a Protestant nun were very attentive, and paid her frequent visits, and poor Mr.

W———, the gentleman to whom she was engaged, hung upon their words eagerly and hopefully. But at half-past nine we saw them come from the cabin with gloom on their faces and we feared that all was on their faces and we feared that all was over. Our fears were not ill-founded, for

Consumption was the grim agent that crushed this sweet flower. Her death cast a damper over our whole trip. It was so sad to think that she should die just when we were in sight of England. It was not until now that the captain told us of another death that happened at the beginning of the same of t pened at the beginning of our trip—a sailor. He was thrown over-board. Quite sanor. He was thrown over-board, Quite an ominous circumstance—a death at the beginning and end of our voyage—thank Heaven there was not one in the middle of it! All our gaieties and excitements

of it! All our gaieties and excitements ceased, for every one deeply sympathized with the bereaved.

And now we are in Liverpool! As usual it was raining all over this delightful city. I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the town. The streets are narrow, gloomy and dirty. Most of the buildings are magnificent, being six or seven stories in height, and built of brown stone. A great deal of business is transacted here, the stores are very large and sacted here, the stores are very large and the traffic is bewildering. New York is cast in the shade, but the streets of Washington are far superior to those of Liver-pool. I visited several of the large stores, and found their arrays of goods just sim-ply dazzling. Oh! that I were a million-aire! The Grand Western Hotel, the Court House and Wax Works were points of interest of which I caught brief glimpses. At 8:30 we attempted fall from American fare! and at 10:40 we boarded the train for London. Of course we saw nothing of the scenery along the route owing to the rainy, moonless night. But from all accounts we would have seen very little more by day-light. So foggy, dirty and sloppy is the weather here now, I think this little Island must resemble, as the poor character of daylight allowed i

our sooty little city of Pittsburg-such nasty weather I never saw! nasty weather I never saw!

At five o'clock next morning we steamed into the d-pot at London, which is a magnificent building, so spacions and massive. In crossing from this station to Charing Cross, we passed through the principal streets of London. They far surpass those of Liverpool, being wide, clean and well-paved. The churches, stores and public buildings are immense, and the squares are very beautiful. The residences are seven, some eight stories residences are seven, some eight stories high, (just imagine what a grand city it is with wide streets and such large hou either side). The dwellings are nearly all alike. The first story black or dark brown and the others light, very light brown, the roofs perfectly flat, and such awfully droll chimneys. The English, you know, consult comfort, not looks, and to judge from the exterior of their houses they must be perfect gems of comfort inside. I trust, however, that they treat themselves to better meals in the privacy of domiciles, than they furnish to the travelling public in their hotels and res-taurants. Our breakfast at Charing Cross Station was the dearest I have ever eaten anywhere. The fare was bad, the waiter was ugly and rude—two unpardonable faults; and in addition to these crimes, he would not bring us what we called forwould not bring us what we called for— the horrid thing! Oh! I don't like Eng-land at all. America is just Heaven in comparison! There are no comforts at all here for the traveller. You have to pay for everything before you get it, and then the chance is you won't get it after all— you can't even wash your hands without paying someholdy for it. If the paying somebody for it! If these extorpaying somebody for it! If these extortionists would only be polite about it, it would'nt be so bad, but they not only fleece' you, but insult you in the bargain. Now in America you can check your baggage from one end of the immense country to the other, and there is no further worry about it. Here you have to re-check it at every change of cars. In America the people are so polite and the conveniences so great that travelling is a pleasure. Here so great that travelling is a pleasure. Here the rudeness one meets with and the gen-eral discomfort and worry make travelling a martyrdom. BESSIE.

They who possess the deepest knowledge of human nature are the least violent in blaming its frailties.

THE ABBE PAUL BICHERY.

The Abbe Paul Bichery, who, it will be remembered, weut over to the ranks of Pere Hyacinthe's disciples—but, having had a quarrel with his adopted chief, has now happily returned to the Catholic Church, and gone into the Trappists' mon-Church, and gone into the Trappists mon-astery—writes to the editor of the Universe: Sir,—After spending a few months in retirement and prayer, I am glad of this opportunity of making a public profes-sion of faith.

sion of faith.

I most firmly believe from the depth of my heart and soul all that is held and taught by the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, in the bosom of which I was born, and in which I wish to live and die. I humbly submit to the decrees of Vatican Council, and to the infallible guidance of the Roman Portif who is the guidance of the Roman Pontiff, who is the guidance of the Roman Pontin, who is the successor of the Apostle St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the visible head of the Catholic Church on earth, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. I, moreover, condemn all words, deeds or writings, of mine which may deserve condemnation, and I humbly ask forgiveness of those souls that I have been the means of scandalizing. It was while animated with these sentiments that I was absolved from the public censure passed on me by the Church. I now beg those of my beloved brethren in Jesus hrist, who may happen to be out of the communion of the Holy See, to follow my example, for Leo XIII. will lovingly receive them under the shadow of his pastoral staff, and those sad divisions which afflict the Church of God will thus be brought to a happy

sonclusion.
(Signed) PAUL BICHERY, Priest.
Monastery of Mortagne (Orne),
5th October, 1880.

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION RECALLED.

The announcement that the Rev. Thomar Watson, for the last thirty years Protestant vicar of East Faleigh, near Maidstone, is dead, calls up to Catholics some interesting reminiscences, for Mr. Watson's predecesor at East Farleigh was the late Henry William Wilberforce, son watson's predecessor at East Farleign was
the late Henry William Wilberforce, son
of the great anti-slavery member for Yorkshire, and himself the friend at Oxford of
"Manning of Balloi" and "Newman of
Oriel"—now Cardinals of the Holy Catholic Church. The latter Cardinal has
told the story of Henry Wilberforce's
conversion, in an all-too-brief memoir of
him prefixed to his essays on "The
Church and the Empires," and it is familiar too, to the readers of Father Bowden's life of Father Faber. In the autumn
of 1849 the parish of East Farleigh was
visited, as usual, by a large influx of Irish
hop-pickers from London. The gathering
had just commenced that season when
there was an outbreak of cholera, and
many of the poor toilers lay at death's
door in the barns and gardens round the
vicarage. The occupants of the vicarage
did not hesitate, but ragardless of the risk,
took into their own home the perishing
sufferers and while admiritations. took into their own home the perishing sufferers; and, while administering to their bodily wants, took care of their spiritual needs also by importing from London some Fathers of the Oratory and two nuns of the Shepard. "Every act of charity," to use Cardinal Newman's own words, "done for Cardinal Newman's own words, "done for our Lord's sake has its reward from Him: and Mr. Wilberforce used to call to mind with deep gratitude that on the day and year on which he had received our Lord's servants into his house, he and his, through our Lord's mercy, were received into the everlasting home of the Catholic Church."

—Liverpool Catholic Times.

FALSIFYING HISTORY—ST. PATRICK.

The Philadelphia Times says that "on the ses. At 8:30 we attempted a supper, true St. Patrick" the Rev. Dr. Monat i the Presbyterian Review offers information which throws light on the character of this devoted missionary and his work. "information" and "light' consist of state-ments by Dr. Moffat which contradict all that is known of the history of St. Patrick, and outrage all truth. "He went to Ireland not to propagate a sacerdotal system, but" as he writes "from love to Christ and the souls of men," implying that Christ established no priestly and that "a saceradatal system". implying that Christ established no priest-hood, and that, "a saceredotal system" is opposed to true love to Christ. But, passing this by, it is a certain fact, which none can deny who have any faith in history that St. Patrick did establish in Ireland "a sacerdotal system"—the "sacerdotal system" of the Catholic Church of to-day, including just what Protestants most hate, such as the consecration of virgins to Christ, the establishing of monasteries, etc.

Another piece of "information" the Times gives, on the authority of Dr. Moffat, is that St. Patrick does not "sefer his commission to any hyper such series.

his commission to any human authority but says it was "Christ the Lord who in commanded him to go" to Ire-True, St. Patrick does say Christ "commanded him to go to Ireland." But it is also true that before going, he was ordained by the Catholic Church, first Deacon and then Priest, and afterwards was consecrated Bishop, and moreover that St. Patrick expressly "refers" to Pope Celestine, from whom he received his "commission" to go to Ireland, and the Apostolic Benediction, and whose authority as the Vicar of

Christ St. Patrick acknowledged. But it is needless to enter into details.

All history shows that St. Patrick was a Catholic, and the ancient ruins in Ireland of monasteries and churches remain to this day, attesting the character of "his work." Such quibbling and perversion of indisputable facts by Dr. Moffat, which the Times has republished as furnishing "information" and throwing "light" upon the character of St. Patrick, may delude the ignorant or hopelessly prejudiced, but no one else.— Philadelphia Standard.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the most safe, pleasant and perfect remedy known for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Pectoral Complaints, in the most speedy manner. A few doses will relieve the most traublescent couple. most troublesome cough in children or adults. For sale by all dealers, at 25 cents per bottle.

Forty years' experience has stamped public approbation Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the most reliable of all remedies for Throat or Chest disease. Its continued and increasing popularity is conclusive evidence of its superior curative qualities.

Their to Yet ma The way Ha The woo Of path The par Your lo Live bu And yo Up Safe in t Within They ar Be

FRIDA

LEC: The famo Burke, preagregation of Francis Xavin aid of the church. Render to

Cæsar's and He said t laid down th luty not on the civil por of loyalty a laws, which from fear, befrom God. Catholic Chu to the Catho men who acc ing to Cæsar in place and make good t ejecting from who, in time found in the ing comfort dving. THE JEST

They were their persec devoted live them proclai must get er nothing. B the Jesuits a were doome image was man's soul w God, whose thereon. W thereon. W Cæsar, he di and Cæsar, i Church and thing—education the object of child in the educated, an cried out for one, for the unfit for hur for this worl UNWORT

which God h

and the ear

animal body

gifted with eternity. A quired to be ledge and d neglected it which it wa Man's will a and destroye take charge life. This w of the great cause of all s was created-God-was to for our Lord wept over Je for the threa but for the the State gas THE STATE

from the peo

There might

antly believ

opposed to would say t

not been

exist withous he insisted supposed the or figure, or room was pla holiness, not one passion tellect and This must be they used no passions the Without rel turn from sc parents, for principles the thy father a essential of the Churc the sons of S France becau been attested pre-eminent, State establis compete with work. This question, and of the author the Jesuit fat

HE WAS PRO of the ancier the Dominica